



HE TOLD HIM

Counsel—I insist on an answer to my question. You have not told me all the conversation. I want to know all that passed between you and Mr. Jones on the occasion to which you refer.

Reluctant Witness—I've told you everything of any consequence.

"You have told me you said to him, 'Jones, this case will get into the court some day.' Now, I want to know what he said in reply."

"Well, he said, 'Brown, there isn't anything in this business that I'm ashamed of, and if any snooping, little, yee-hawing, four-by-six, gimlet-eyed lawyer, with half a pound of brains and sixteen ounces of jaw, wants to know what I've been talking about, just tell him.'"

People born on Christmas Day are, according to an old superstition, lucky all their lives.

GROWN-UP CHILDREN

A railway conductor related an amusing little incident the other day.

"At an out-of-the-way little station in the West," he said, "a party of working men wished to go to a town. Unfortunately, the ticket agent had only a limited number of tickets at his disposal.

"Eventually he got out of his difficulty by dividing the pieces of paste-board and issuing children's tickets to the party, at the same time explaining to me how matters stood.

"They've paid the full fare, of course," he remarked, 'so you must see 'em through.'

"I had almost forgotten the matter, when a ticket-examiner at B— came to me and remarked, with a sorrowful shake of the head:

"This under-age dodge is getting too warm!"

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Matter?" he echoed, disgustedly. "Why, here's a whole car full o' children wot plays cards, drinks whisky, and wears whiskers!"

HIS TURN

Two motorists, having almost ruined their tempers—and their tires—in a vain attempt to find a hotel with a vacant bed, were at last forced to make the best of a small inn.

Even then they had to share a bed, which was—and on this the landlord laid great stress—a feather bed.

They turned in, and one of the pair was soon fast asleep; the other was not. He could not manage to dodge the lumps, and heard hour after hour strike on the church clock until 3 a. m., when he also struck.

He did this by violently shaking his snoring friend.

"What's the matter?" growled the other. "It can't be time to get up yet!"

"No, it isn't," retorted his friend, continuing to shake him; "but it's my turn to sleep on the feather!"